

THE  
RAMBLE:  
AN  
ANTI-HEROICK  
POEM.

*Together with*  
Some Terrestrial Hymns and Car-  
nal Ejaculations.

---

By Alexander Radcliffe, of Greys Inn, Esq.

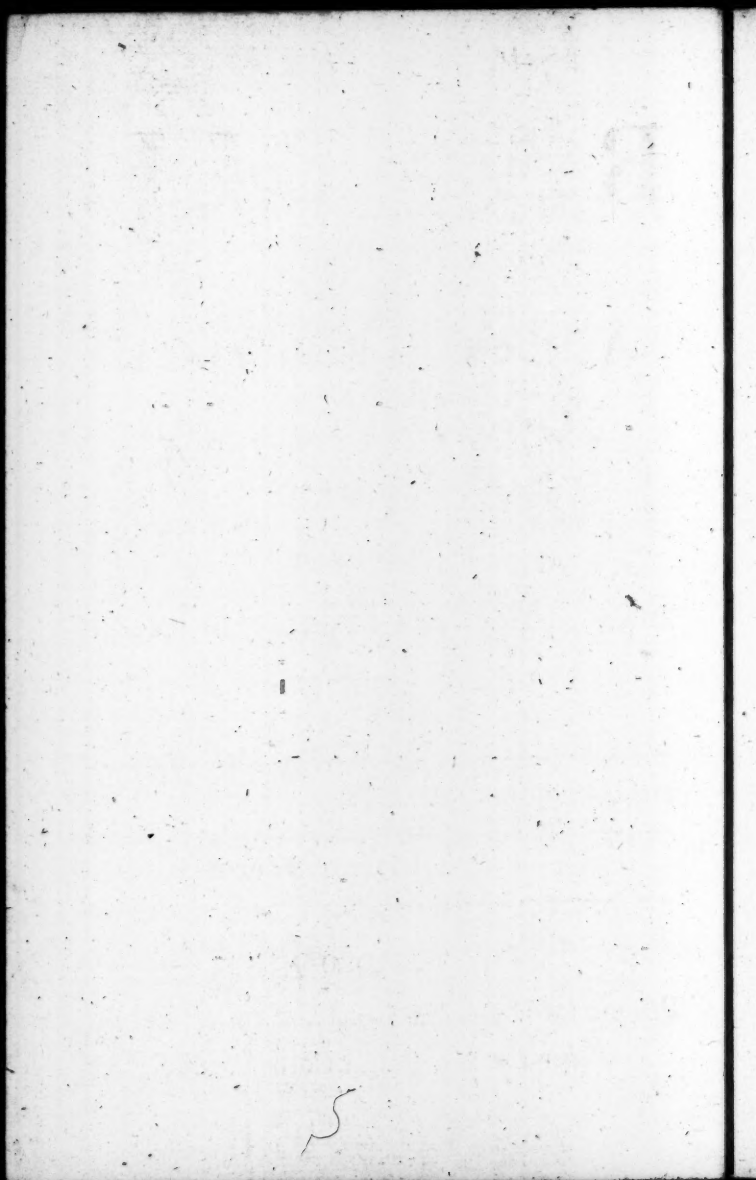
---

—*Semel insanivimus omnes.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Author, and are to be sold by  
*Walter Davis* in Amen Corner. 1682.



TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
JAMES  
Lord Annesly.

*My Lord,*

THE onely pretence I had  
for making this mean Offer  
to your Lordship is, That your  
Lordship was pleas'd to excuse  
some of these loose Lines when

*Dedication.*

they were in single Sheets : Tho I  
must confess I propos'd a great  
Advantage, knowing that they  
shall live above the reach of Cen-  
sure under your Lordships Prote-  
ction, not without some Ambition  
of being known to your Lordship  
by the Title of,

*Your Lordships most Humble  
and most Obedient Servant,*

Alex. Radcliffe.



THE  
AUTHOR  
TO THE  
READER.

Honest Reader,

**I**F I thought you would not smile  
immoderately, I cou'd tell you,  
That by the Command of some Ho-  
nourable Personages, Mark ye ! and  
at the Request of my Noble Friends,  
D' ye mind me ! these Trifles made

A 4

a Sally

## The Author

*a Sally into the World, stept into the Light, appear'd in this undress, or as a Modern Author has it, was Impetuously Hurried into the Press, (by which he verified, Festinans Canis coecos peperit catulos.)*

*This you know is the true Cant of many Prefacers ; as who should say, Gentlemen, my Book begs your pardon for this Intrusion. But if such kind of Stuff will not pass as an Excuse for Publication, I'll tell ye what will ; by chance I overheard an offer of some foolish Guineys, and*  
*when*

to the Reader.

*when those Toys are propos'd, such is our Human Frailty, we consent to the printing of any thing.*

*I have not further to say in the behalf of this Affair, since many of these things were wrote several years ago, when Youth and too much Money represented Extravagance a Virtue.*

*This is the last of this nature I shall ever own; the next shall be some Remarks upon the Life and Death of a true pious Protestant Dissenter, with  
the*

To the Reader.

*the Excellency and Necessity of Per-  
jury and Equivocation in a devout  
Separatist ; and that you'll say is a se-  
rious business.*

— Paulo majora canamus.

*God b'ye lovingly.*

---

The

---

## The Booksellers Preface to his Customers.

Obliging Gentlemen,

**T**HE Ingenious Author having, next to his pleasure of writing these Poems, taken care to Dedicate them to a Person of Honour, and also provided an Epistle to the Reader, hath left me nothing to do, but for my profit to print and to sell them. But there having been some part of The Ramble formerly printed, under the notion of a Natural Presumptive to my Lord Rochester, for Justice to that Noble Lord, as also for defending of Liberty and Property to my Author, whose Right as well as my own is invaded; I resolv'd to bring an Habeas

## The Bookseller

beas Corpus, and remove The Ramble home again, which was so falsely, maliciously, imperfectly, and feloniously made publick.

I am likewise to tell you, that the foresaid Poem called The Ramble, is here enlarged above two thirds more than heretofore you have seen it. I hope it will please you, good honest Gentile Reader; if so, it will sell; and if it sells, it will please me too; and so our little share of the world will naturally run in a concord, without tormenting our selves with Fears and Jealousies, or setting up for monstrous Whigs, Tantivy Tories, Abhorring Addressers, or other inferiour no Protestant Plots and Tory Plots. For my part (Gentlemen) I am resolved (nemine contradicente) to live in a whole skin so long as I can, hoping

## to the Reader.

*no Irishman will make a dead blow upon me;  
and I do hereby promise upon the word of an  
honest Stationer, that I will not endeavour  
to alter the Government, as it is established  
by Law either in Church or State. In fine,  
I am satisfied this Book of Poems hath no  
couched Treason in it, nor Arbitrary Power,  
and therefore I presume to Print it, without  
staying for the Suffrage of an Act of Parlia-  
ment. Such as it is take it amongst you, and  
so God bless you all. Vale.*

---

The

# The Contents.

<b>N</b> <i>ews from Hell</i>	Page 1
<i>As concerning Man</i>	9
<i>Have a care what you do</i>	10
<i>A Hard Case</i>	13
<i>The Canary Mistrefs</i>	15
<i>What are you mad?</i>	17
<i>Money's all</i>	19
Songs Burlesqu'd or Varied.	
<i>As Amoret and Phillis sate</i>	21
<i>Hail to the Myrtle Shades</i>	22
<i>The poor Whores Song</i>	24
<i>Now now the Fights done</i>	27
<i>Tell me dearest</i>	28
<i>Mr. Drydens Description of Night</i>	31
<i>Disdain yet still I will love thee</i>	32
<i>Now at last the Riddle is expounded</i>	33
<i>To the Tune of Per fas per nefas</i>	34
<i>An Epitaph upon the worthy and truly vigilant Sam. Micoe Esq;</i>	35
<i>Upon Mr. Bennet Procurer extraordinary</i>	37
	To



# The Contents.

<i>To a late Scotch Tune</i>	39
<i>Upon a Bowl of Punch</i>	40
<i>Upon the Pyramid</i>	45
<i>Upon a superannuated Couple lately married</i>	49
<i>On the Protestants Flail</i>	51
<i>The Narrative</i>	52
<i>The fourteenth Ode of the second Book of Horace</i>	56
<i>The tenth Ode of the second Book of Horace</i>	59
<i>Horace's well wishes to a scurvy Poet gone to Sea,</i>	
<i>Epode 10. in Mævium</i>	61
<i>A Call to the Guard by a Drum</i>	63
<i>Dr. Wilds humble Thanks for His Majesty's gracious</i>	
<i>Declaration for Liberty of Conscience</i>	74
<i>These for his old Friend Dr. Wild, Author of the</i>	
<i>Humble Thanks, &amp;c.</i>	81
<i>The Ramble</i>	85
<i>The Lawyers Demurrer argued</i>	110
<i>The Swords Farwell upon the Approach of a Michaelmas Term</i>	116
<i>Wrote in the Banqueting in Greys Inn Walks</i>	121

P O E M S.



# P O E M S.

---

## *News from Hell.*

**S**O dark the Night was that old *Charon*  
Could not carry Ghostly Fare-on;  
But was forc'd to leave his Souls,  
Stark stript of Bodies, 'mongst the Shoals  
Of Black Sea-Toads, and other Fry,  
Which on the Stygian Shore do lie:  
Th' amazed Spirits desire recess  
To their old batter'd Carcases;  
But as they turn about, they find  
The Night more dismal is behind.

*Pluto* began to fret and fume  
Because the Tilt Boat did not come.

B

To

To the Shore's side he strait way trudges  
 With his three Soul-censuring Judges,  
 Standing on Acherontic Strand,  
 He thrice three times did waft his Wand :  
 From gloomy Lake did strait arise  
 A meager Fiend, with broad blew Eyes;  
 Approaching *Pluto*, as he bow'd,  
 From's head there dropt Infernal Mud ;  
 Quoth he, *A tenebris & luto*  
 I come——'Tis well, quoth surly *Pluto*.  
 " Go you to t'other side of *Styx*,  
 " And know why *Charon's* so prolix :  
 " Surely on Earth there cannot be  
 " A Grant of Immortality.  
 Away the wrigling Fiend soon scuds  
 Through Liquids thick as Soap and Suds.

In the mean while old *Eacus*,  
 Craftier far than any of us ;

# P O E M S.

3

For mortal Men to him are silly ;  
 Besides he held a League with *Lilly* ;  
 And what is acted here does know  
 As well as t'other does below :  
 Thus spake, " Thou mighty King of *Orcus*,  
 " Who into any shape canst work us ;  
 " I to your Greatness shall declare  
 " My Sentiments of this Affair.  
 " *Charon* you know did use to come  
 " With some Elucid Spirit home ;  
 " Some Poet bright, whose glowing Soul  
 " Like Torch did light him cross the Pool :  
 " Old *Charon* then was blithe and merry,  
 " With Flame and Rhapsody in Ferry.  
 " Shou'd he gross Souls alone take in,  
 " Laden with heavy rubbish Sin ;  
 " Sin that is nothing but Allay ;  
 " 'Tis ten to one he'd lose his way.  
 " But now such Wights with Souls so clear  
 " Must not have Damnation here ;

" Nor can we hope they'l hither move,  
 " For know (Grim Sir) they're damn'd above;  
 " They're damn'd on Earth by th' present Age,  
 " Damn'd in Cabals, and damn'd o'th' Stage.  
 " *Laureat*, who was both learn'd and florid,  
 " Was damn'd long since for silence horrid:  
 " Nor had there been such clutter made,  
 " But that this silence did invade:  
 " Invade ! and so 't might well, that's clear :  
 " But what did it invade ?——an Ear.  
 " And for some other things, 'tis true,  
 " We follow Fate that does pursue.

A Lord who was in Metre wont  
 To call a Privy Member C——  
 Whose Verse, by Women termed lewd,  
 Is still preserv'd, not understood.  
 But that which made 'em curse and ban,  
 Was for his Satyr against Man.

# P O E M S.

5

A third was damn'd, 'cause in his Plays  
He thrusts old Jests in *Archee's* days :  
Nor as they say can make a *Chorus*  
Without a Tavern or a Whore-house ;  
Which he to puzzle vulgar thinking,  
Does call by th' name of Love and Drinking.

A fourth for writing superfine,  
With words correct in every Line :  
And one that does presume to say,  
A Plot's too gross for any Play :  
Comedy should be clean and neat,  
As Gentlemen do talk and eat.  
So what he writes is but Translation,  
From Dog and Partridge conversation.

A fifth, who does in's last prefer  
'Bove all, his own dear Character :  
And fain wou'd seem upon the Stage  
Too Manly for this flippant Age.

A sixth, whose lofty Fancy towers  
 'Bove Fate, Eternity and Powers :  
 Rumbles i'th' Sky, and makes a bustle ;  
 So Gods meet Gods i'th dark and juttle.

Seventh, because he'd rather chuse  
 To spoil his Verse than tire his Muse.  
 Nor will he let Heroicks chime ;  
 Fancy (quoth he) is lost by Rhime.  
 And he that's us'd to clashing Swords  
 Should not delight in sounds of words.  
*Mars* with *Mercury* should not mingle ;  
 Great Warriours shou'd speak big, not jingle.

Amongst this Heptarchy of Wit,  
 The censuring Age have thought it fit  
 To damn a Woman, 'cause 'tis said,  
 The Plays she vends she never made.  
 But that a *Greys Inn* Lawyer does 'em,  
 Who unto her was Friend in Bosom.



So not presenting Scarf and Hood,  
New Plays and Songs\* are full as good.

These are the better sort I grant,  
Damn'd onely by the Ignorant :  
But still there are a scribling Fry  
Ought to be damn'd eternally ;  
An unlearn'd Tribe, o'th' lower rate,  
Who will be Poets spite of Fate ;  
Whose Character's not worth reciting,  
They scarce can read, yet will be writing :  
As t'other day a silly Oase  
Instead of *Jove* did call on *Jose* :  
Whose humble Muse descends to Cellars,  
Or at the best to *Herc'les Pillars*.  
Now *Charon* I presume does stop,  
Expecting one of these wou'd drop ;  
For any such Poetick Damn'd-boy  
Will light him home as well as Flambeau.

*Eacus* juſt had made an end,  
When did arrive the dripping Fiend,  
Who did confirm the Judges ſpeech,  
That *Charon* did a Light beſeech.  
They fell to Conſultation grave,  
To find ſome ſtrange enlightned Knave.  
*Faux* had like t'have been the Spark,  
But that his Lanthorn was too dark.  
At laſt th'agreed a ſullen Quaker  
Should be this buſineſs Undertaker;  
The fitteſt Soul for this exploit,  
Be cauſe he had the neweſt Light :  
Him ſoon from ſable Den they drag,  
Who of his Sufferings doth brag;  
And unto Heel of Fiend being ty'd,  
To *Charons* Veſſel was convey'd.  
*Charon* came home, all things were well ;  
This is the onely News from Hell.

*As concerning Man.*

**T** O what intent or purpose was Man made,  
Who is by Birth to misery betray'd?  
Man in his tedious course of life runs through  
More Plagues than all the Land of *Egypt* knew,  
Doctors, Divines, grave Disputations, Puns,  
Ill looking Citizens and scurvy Duns;  
Insipid Squires, fat Bishops, Deans and Chapters,  
Enthusiasts, Prophecies, new Rants and Raptures;  
Pox, Gout, Catarrhs, old Sores, Cramps, Rheums  
and Aches;  
Half witted Lords, double chinn'd Bawds with  
Patches;  
Illiterate Courtiers, Chancery Suits for Life,  
A teazing Whore, and a more tedious Wife;  
Raw Inns of Court men, empty Fops, Buffoons,  
Bullies robust, round Aldermen, and Clowns;  
Gown-

Gown-men which argue, and discuss, and prate,  
 And vent dull Notions of a future State;  
 Sure of another World, yet do not know  
 Whether they shall be sav'd, or damn'd, or how.

'Twere better then that Man had never been,  
 Than thus to be perplex'd: *God save the Queen.*

---

*Have a care what you do.*

## I.

**W**Hile Men endeavoured to adorn  
 The gilded Crest of bloody *Mars*,  
 Poor Love met with contempt and scorn,  
 Nor had he one Rag to his Arse.

## II.

His Wings were clogg'd with melting Snow,  
 Hardly supported by his Legs:

He

# P O E M S.

11

He had no string left to his Bow,  
His Arrows too had lost their Pegs.

## III.

I who had always seen him gay,  
Wondered to find him thus distressed;  
I told him if with me he'd stay,  
He might be welcom to my Breast.

## IV.

With a faint Smile he shew'd his joy,  
And softly to his Lodgings crept,  
Where some design disturb'd the Boy,  
He prattled all the time he slept.

## V.

With a large Sigh his Soul I fill'd,  
Which made a rumbling in his Guts;  
Into his mouth I Tears distill'd,  
Tears bigger far than Hazzle Nuts.

His

## VI.

His strength return'd to every Limb,  
I let him round about me play ;  
I thought my self secure of him,  
Not dreaming he wou'd run away.

## VII.

But this base perfidious Elf  
Ungratefully from me did part,  
Not onely stole away himself,  
But took along with him my Heart.

## VIII.

To *Cælia* then I did repair  
With peremptory Hue and Cry,  
Being assur'd this stolen Ware  
Must light into her custody.

## IX.

She own'd it with obsequious art,  
And drew on me this dire mishap,  
'Stead of returning me my Heart  
She gave me a confounded Clap.

---

*A Hard Case.*

**W**hen trembling Pris'ners stand at Bar  
In strange suspense about the Verdict :  
And when pronounc'd they Guilty are,  
How they're astonish'd when they've heard it!

When in a Storm a Ship is tofs'd,  
All ask, What does the Captain say?  
How they bemoan themselves as lost,  
When his Advice is onely, *Pray!*

And

And as it was my pleasing chance  
To meet fair *Cælia* in a Grove;  
Both Time and Place conspir'd t'advance  
The innocent designs of Love.

I thought my happiness compleat,  
'Twas in her power to make it so :  
I ask'd her if she'd do the feat,  
But (filly Soul !) she answer'd, No.

Poor Pris'ners may have mercy shewn,  
And shipwreck'd men may have the luck  
To see their Tempests overblown,  
But *Cælia* I shall never



*The Canary Mistress.*

**F**ondling forbear, 'tis Heresie to think  
There is a Mistress equal to thy Drink ;  
Or if in love with any, 't must be rather  
With that plump Girl that does call *Bacchus* Fa-  
ther.

Thou mayst out-look, arm'd with her warm em-  
brace,

Ten thousand Volleys shot from Womans Face,  
Who wou'd withstand without this Aid Divine  
Ten thousand times as many Tears of thine ;  
As many Sighs and Prayers would be her sport,  
Exalted she so long maintains her Fort.

But when Diviner Sack hath fir'd thy Bloud,  
Creating Flames which cannot be withstood ;  
To which is added Confidence as great  
As his, that aim'd at *Joves* Celestial Seat ;

Boldly

Boldly march on, not granting her the leisure  
Of Parly ; 'tis the Speed, augments the Pleasure.  
If she cry out, with Kisses stop her Breath ;  
She cannot wish to die a better Death.  
Tell her the pleasant passages between  
The God of War and Loves more gentle Queen.  
When feeble *Vulcan* came, and in a fear  
Lest they wou'd not continue longer there,  
He chain'd 'em to the sport, with an intent  
To keep such Lovers for a Precedent ;  
Glad to behold a tempting pleasure that  
His weak Endeavours never could create.  
Then stroke her Breasts those Mountains of De-  
light,  
Whose very Touch would fire an Anchorite.  
Next let thy wanton Palm a little stray,  
And dip thy Fingers in the Milky Way :  
Thus having rais'd her, gently let her fall,  
Loves Trumpets sound, Now Mortal have at all.

A happy end thus made of all your sport,  
Lead her where every Lover shou'd resort,  
Where Madam Sack's enthron'd, the tempting'st  
That e'er was seated in a *Venice* Glass. (Lass  
Last, that this sense of Pleasure may remain,  
Cast away Thought and fall to Drink again.  
Drink off the Glasses, swallow every Bowl,  
And pity him that sighs away his Soul  
For that poor trifle Woman, who is mine  
With one small Gallon of Immortal Wine.  
To get a Mistress Drinking is the knack;  
Love's grand existence is Almighty Sack.

---

*What are you mad?*

I'LL mount my thoughts to Giant height,  
I'm Constellation in conceit.  
I'll pluck down *Sol*, and mount his Sphere;  
Then fullen *Daphne* shall appear,

C

And

And seeing me grasp *Phæbus* Rays,  
Shall cringe and crown me with her Bays.  
I'll rape the Moon, it shall be said,  
*Cynthia* hath chang'd the name of Maid ;  
Her twinkling Girles shall all be ta'en,  
No Virgin left to bear her Train.  
Thus conquering Sun, Moon, and Stars,  
'Gainst Gods themselves I'll levy Wars.  
Or if on Earth my Mind can rest,  
I'll be a Monarch at the least.  
Our dull Plebeians shall grow quicker,  
Rincing their muddy Brains in Liquor.  
The Miser then shall scatter Cash,  
For Wine shall change his Balderdash ;  
And sing and drink, and drink and sing,  
Till every Subject turns a King.  
The conquer'd Gods shall make us Legs,  
Intreating they may sip the dregs.  
Thus will we tipple till the World  
Into Oblivion is hurld :

And

And when we feel old Age does come,  
We'll post into *Elysium* ;  
And there our chiefest Joys shall be  
To think of past Felicity.

---

*Money's All.*

**B**Eauty is Nature's quaint Disguise,  
A Covert for the Game we hunt ;  
Being pinch'd but once or twice it dies,  
And leaves behind a slimy

Honour's the pleasing Cheat of Men,  
The White that does discover Blots ;  
Like to the Plague at height, which then  
Produceth gawdy purple spots.

Wisdom the Souls grave penury,  
Which he that owns dares not be brave ;

But with dull Morals must comply,  
Left the fond Age should call him Knave.

But he whose Wealth ne'er knew a measure,  
May be truly termed free ;  
For while he rules alone in Treasure,  
He commands the other three.

---

Several

---

---

Several Late  
S O N G S  
Burlesqu'd or Varied.

---

*As Amoret and Phyllis sate, &c.*

AS *Tom* and I well warm'd with Wine  
Were sitting at the Rose,  
In came Sir *John* with dire design  
To ply us in the close.

The threatning Bumpers to remove  
I whisper'd in his Ear;  
Ah *Tom*, a bloody Night 'twill prove,  
There is no staying here.

*There is no, &c.*

None ever yet had such an art  
 In filling to the Brim ;  
 Nor can you e'er expect to part,  
 If once engag'd with him.

Fly, fly betimes, for at this rate,  
 We certainly are sunk :  
 In vain (said Tom) in vain you prate,  
 I am already drunk.  
*I am already drunk.*

---

*Hail to the Myrtle Shades, &c.*

Pitty the private Cabal,  
 Ah pity the Green Ribbon Club ;  
 They've cut off poor *Strephon's* Entail,  
 And *Strephon* has met with a rub.

*Strephon*



*Strephon* has still the same Creatures,  
Who fill him with many a doubt ;  
But *Strephon* won't stoop to his Betters ;  
Ah *Strephon*, ah why so stout !

*Strephon* once caper'd and pranc'd ;  
Who but *Strephon* at Masks and at Balls !  
*Strephon* the Saraband danc'd,  
But *Strephon* now leads up the Brawls.  
*Strephon* who ne'er had the skill  
To use either Figure or Trope ;  
For *Strephon* has no lofty Style,  
Nor e'er was cut out for a Pope.

*Strephon* though not by his Tongue  
Has drawn to him Parties and Factions,  
People that make the day long  
By buzzing of private Transactions.  
*Strephon* has little to say,  
But laughs at the Lord knows what ;

But the Club meets every day,  
And sits with eternal Chat.

---

*The Poor Whore's Song, in allusion to  
the Begging Souldier, Good your  
Worship cast an Eye, &c.*

Good young Leacher cast an Eye  
Upon a poor Whores misery :  
Let not my antiquated Front  
Make you less free than you were wont.  
But like a noble Rogue  
Do but disemogue,  
And you shall have our constant vogue ;  
For I am none of those  
That a bulking goes,  
And often shows  
Their Bridewell blows,

Or

Or New Prison Lash,  
For filing of Cash,  
Or nimming Prigsters of their Trash.

But I at Court have often been  
Within the view of King and Queen;  
A Guiney to me was no more  
Than Fifteen Pence to a Suburb Whore:  
And when he did tilt,  
I did briskly jilt,  
And swallow'd *Pego* to the Hilt.  
A Pox was very near,  
For *Bubo* did appear,  
Had not my Surgeon then been there.

Once at the Bear in *Drury Lane*  
The Bullies left me for a Pawn;  
But I made my party good,  
To Fifteen Guineys and a Broad.

Oh you wou'd little ween  
How that I have been  
As great a Jilt as e'er was seen.  
But if Mother *Bennet* came  
With a Wheedle or a Flam,  
She'd tell you how I cut the Sham.

From thence I march'd to *Creswells* House,  
Under the name of a Merchants Spouse;  
And there I play'd the secret Lover,  
Left jealous Husband shou'd discover.

Oh then came in the Rings,  
And such like things,  
Which eldest Prentice often brings.

But now my poor ———  
Contrary to its wont,  
Must pocket any small Affront.

---

*Now Now the Fight's done, &c.*

NOW Now the Heart's broke,  
Which so long has complain'd ;  
And *Clarinda* triumphs  
In the Conquest sh'as gain'd.  
Love laughs at the fight,  
At the mischief does grow ;  
For a Love-wounded Heart  
Is to him a fine Show.  
He plays up and down, and he sports with the  
Heart,  
And he shews it about on the point of his  
Dart.

But since the coy Nymph  
So disdainful is grown,

The

The power of her Charms

We'll for ever disown ;

We'll slight the fond Brat,

Love no longer shall wrack us,

We'll shake off his Chains

For the pleasures of *Bacchus*.

Then fill us more Wine, fill the Glass to the  
brim ;

Thus we'll patch up our Hearts, they shall last  
our Life-time.

*Tell me dearest pr'ythee do,*

*Why thou wilt and wilt not too, &c.*

**T**ELL me, *Jack*, I pr'ythee do,

Why the Glass still sticks with you :

What does Bus'ness signifie,

If you let your Claret die ?

Wine when first pour'd from the Bottle

All its strength and vigour flies;

So says ancient *Aristotle*.

If it stand

In your hand,

It will then disband

All its Spirits in a trice.

Who dares then refuse to swallow

All the Wine that out he puts,

Will find some heavy Judgments follow,

Vinegar,

Single Beer,

Or such dismal Gear,

To torment his wambling Guts.

Since to all subduing Wine

Lofty Arguments resign;

He wrongs himself that sits and prates

Of grave Matters or Debates.

Talk not then of Merchandizes,

Or what Interest may accrue

By Taxes, Subsidies, Excises,

Liberty,

Property,

Or Monopoly;

'Slife 'tis enough to make one spue.

Be as you were ever jolly,

Let it not stick at your door;

Bus'ness is the greatest folly.

Here's a Glas,

Let it pass,

He's a formal Ass,

That e'er talks of Bus'ness more.

*Mr.*



---

*Mr. Drydens Description of  
Night.*

**A**LL things were hush'd as Nature's self lay  
dead,  
The Mountains seem to nod their drowsie  
head;  
The little Birds in Dreams their Songs re-  
peat,  
And sleeping Flowers beneath the Night dew  
sweat.  
Even Lust and Envy slept, &c.

*Thus Burlesqu'd.*

All things were hush as when the Drawers tread  
Softly to steal the Key from Masters head.

The

The dying Snuffs do twinkle in their Urns,  
 As if the Socket, not the Candle, burns.  
 The little Foot-boy snoars upon the Stair,  
 And greasie Cook-maid sweats in Elbow Chair.  
 No Coach nor Link was heard, &c.

---

*Disdain, yet still I will love thee ;  
 Nothing, &c.*

**F**ILL't up, yet still I will take it ;  
 Fill't up, I'll ne'er forsake it :

Although

My doom I know,

This Glas another will usher,

Good faith it must be so,

Though drinking of this Brusher,

I shall neither stand nor go.

*Now at last the Riddle is ex-  
pounded, &c.*

**O**LD *Beelzebub* was Father of Sedition;  
Pride and Arrogance began division  
In Religion,  
And taught men to combine.  
Fetch up the t'other double Bottle,  
I will wash away design;  
Bring a Spinster, though she have a hot Tail,  
No Kingdom is inflam'd by Love or Wine.

The busie Party are the idle Fellows,  
Fools that are suspicious and too jealous,  
Let Hell loose,  
The Devil's in 'em sure.  
While he that drinks *de die & in diem*,  
And all night hugs a Whore;

D

What

What Treason or Rebellion can come nigh  
him,

Since he's employ'd each minute of an hour ?

---

*To the Tune of Per fas per nefas.*

A Pox o' these Fellows contriving,  
They've spoilt our pleasant design ;  
We were once in a way of true living,  
Improving Discourse by good Wine.  
But now Conversation grows tedious,  
O'er Coffee they still confer Notes ;  
'Stead of Authors both learn'd and facetious,  
They quote onely *Dugdale* and *Oats*.

A Traytor still gives a denial,  
When a Glas is fill'd up to the best :  
By drinking we know who is Loyal,  
A Brimmer's the onely Test.

He

He that takes it's untaunted of Treason,  
 He from all Impeachment is freed ;  
 He may lose his Feet for a season,  
 But never shall lose his Head.

---

*An Epitaph upon the Worthy and truly  
 Vigilant, Sam. Micoe Esq;*

**H**ERE Honest *Micoe* lies, who never knew  
 Whether the Parish Clock went false or  
 true.

A true bred *English* Gentleman, for he  
 Never demanded yet *Quel heur est il ?*  
 He valued not the Rise of Sun or Moon,  
 Nor e'er distinguish'd yet their Night from  
 Noon.

Untill at last by chance he clos'd his Eyes,  
 And Death did catch him napping by surprize.

But first he thus spoke to the King of Fears,  
Have I in Taverns spent my blooming years,  
Outsate the Beadle nodding in his Chair,  
Outwatch'd the Bulker and the Burglarer ;  
Outdrank all measure fill'd above the Seal,  
When some weak Brethren to their Beds did  
reel ;

And there when last nights Bottles were on  
board,

When Squires in Cloaks wrapt up in corners  
snoar'd ;

I onely clad in my old Night Campaign,  
Call'd for more Wine and drank to 'em again ?  
Have I made Sir *John Robinson* to yield,  
Sent haughty *Langston* staggering from the  
Field ?

And unto meager Death now must I sink,  
Death that eats all without a drop of Drink ?  
You steal my Life (grim Tyrant) 'cause you knew  
Had I sate up I'd kill'd more men than you.

Quoth

Quoth surly Death, *Statutum est, sic dico;*  
*Sat vigilasti——Bonos Noctios Micoe.*

---

*Upon Mr. Bennet, Procurer Extra-  
ordinary.*

**R**Eader beneath this Marble Stone  
Saint *Valentine's* Adopted Son,  
*Bennet* the Bawd now lies alone.

Here lies alone the Amorous Spark,  
Who was us'd to lead them in the dark  
Like Beasts by Pairs into the Ark.

If Men of Honour wou'd begin,  
He'd ne'er stick out at any Sin,  
For he was still for Sticking't in.

If Justice chiefest of the Bench  
Had an occasion for a Wench,  
His reverend Flames 'twas he cou'd quench.

And for his Son and Heir apparent,  
He cou'd perform as good an errand  
Without a Tipstaff or a Warrant.

Over the Clergy had such a lock,  
That he could make a Spiritual Frock  
Fly off at sight of Temporal Smock.

Like *Will 'ith' wiss* still up and down  
He led the Wives of *London* Town,  
To lodge with Squires of high renown.

While they (poor Fools) being unaware,  
Did find themselves in Mansion fair,  
Near *Leic'ster Fields* or *James's Square*.

Thus



Thus Wotthy *Bennet* was imploy'd ;  
 At last he held the Door so wide,  
 He caught a cold, so cough'd, and dy'd.

---

*To a late Scotch Tune.*

**T***Thomas* did once make my Heart full glad,  
 When I set him up to rule at the Helm:  
 But *Thomas* has prov'd but a naughty Lad,  
 For *Thomas* I fear has betray'd my Realm.

I gave him a House, I gave him Grounds,  
 I gave him a hundred thousand pounds,  
 I gave him the Lord knows what Gadzounds:  
 But *Thomas*, &c.

The finest Courtier that e'er was seen,  
 He prais'd my Port, and he prais'd my Meen,

He prais'd all the Ladies at Court but the Q----  
 Yet *Thomas, &c.*

I gave him all Christian Liberty,  
 I let him sometimes lig by me,  
 I let him feel my Duchesses Knee,  
 Yet *Thomas, &c.*

---

*Upon a Bowl of Punch.*

THE Gods and the Goddeses lately did  
 feast,  
 Where *Ambrosia* with exquisite Sawces was  
 drest.

The Edibles did with their Qualities suit,  
 But what they shou'd drink did occasion dispute.  
 'Twas time that old *Nectar* shou'd grow out of  
 fashion,  
 For that they have drank long before the Crea-  
 tion. When

When the Sky-coloured Cloth was drawn from  
the Board,

For the Chrystalline Bowl Great *Jove* gave the  
word.

This was a Bowl of most heavenly size,  
In which Infant Gods they did use to baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, We're inform'd they drink Punch  
upon Earth,

By which mortal Wights do outdo us in mirth.

Therefore our Godheads together let's lay,

And endeavour to make it much stronger than  
they.

'Twas spoke like a God, —— Fill the Bowl to  
the top,

He's cashier'd from the Skies that leaveth one  
drop.

*Apollo* dispatch'd away one of the Lasses,

Who fetch'd him a Pitcher from Well of *Par-*

*nassus*.

To

To Poets new born this Liquor is brought,  
 And this they suck in for their first Mornings  
 draught.

*Juno* for Limons sent into her Closet,  
 Which when she was sick she infus'd into  
 Posset ;

For Goddesses may be as squeamish as Gipsies,  
 The Sun and the Moon we find have Eclipses.  
 These Limons were call'd the *Hesperian* Fruit,  
 When vigilant Dragon was set to look to't.  
 Six dozen of these were squeez'd into Water,  
 The rest of the Ingredients in order come after.

*Venus*, th' Admirer of things that are sweet,  
 And without her Infusion there had been no  
 Treat,

Commanded two Sugar-loaves white as her  
 Doves,

Supported to th' Table by a Brace of young  
 Loves. So

So wonderful curious these Deities were,  
That this Sugar they strain'd through a Sieve  
of thin Air.

*Bacchus* gave notice by dangling a Bunch,  
That without his Assistance there could be no  
Punch.

What was meant by his signs was very well  
known,  
So they threw in three Gallons of trusty Lan-  
goon.

*Mars* a blunt God, who car'd not for dis-course,  
Was seated at Table still twirling his Whiskers:  
Quoth he, Fellow Gods and Celestial Gall-ants,  
I'd not give a Fart for your Punch without  
Nants ;

Therefore Boy *Ganimede* I do command ye,  
To fill up the Bowl with a Rundlet of Brandy.

*Saturn* of all the Gods was the oldest,  
 And you may imagine his Stomach was coldest,  
 Did out of his Pouchet three Nutmegs pro-  
     duce,  
 Which when they were grated were put to the  
     Juice.

*Neptune* this Ocean of Liquor did crown  
 With a hard Sea-Biscu<sup>et</sup> well bak'd by the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, a Health was began,  
 Quoth *Jove*, Let it be to our Creature call'd  
     *Man*;

'Tis to him alone these Pleasures we owe,  
 For Heaven was never true Heaven till now.

*Upon*

---

*Upon the Pyramid.**To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*

## I.

**M**Y Masters and Friends, and good People  
draw near,

For here's a new Sight which you must not  
escape,

A stately young Fabrick that cost very dear,  
Renown'd for streight body and *Barbary*  
shape;

A Pyramid much high'r

Than a Steeple or Spire,

By which you may guess there has been a Fire.

Ah *London* th'adst better have built new  
*Burdellos,*

T'encourage She-Traders and lusty young  
Fellows.

## II.

## II.

No sooner the City had lost their old Houses,  
 But they set up this Monument wonderfull  
 tall ;

Though when Christians were burnt, as *Fox*  
 plainly shews us,

There was nothing set up but his Book in  
 the Hall.

And yet these men can't

In their Conscience but grant,

That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.

*Ab London, &c.*

## III.

The Children of Men in erecting old *Babel*,

To be saved from Water did onely desire :

So the City presumes that this young one is  
 able,

When occasion shall serve to secure them from  
 Fire.

Blowing



Blowing up when all's done  
 Preserves best the Town,  
 But this Hieroglyphick will soon be blown  
 down.

*Ab London, &c.*

IV.

Some say it resembles a Glas fit for Mum,  
 And think themselves witty by giving Nick-  
 names :

An Extinguisher too 'tis fancied by some,  
 As set up on purpose to put out the Flames.  
 But whatever they shall  
 This Workmanship call,

Had it never been thought on 'thad been a  
 Save-all.

*Ab London, &c.*

## V.

Some Passengers seem to suspect the grave  
City,

As men not so wise as they shou'd be, or so ;  
And oftentimes say, 'Tis a great deal of pity  
So much Coin should be spent and so little  
to show.

But these men ne'er stop  
To pay for going up,  
For all that's worth seeing is when y'are atop,  
*Ab London, &c.*

But O you proud Nation of Citizens all,  
Supposing y'had rear'd but onely one stone,  
And on it engrav'd a stupendious Tale,  
Of a Conflagration the like was ne'er known :  
It had been as good  
T'have humour'd the Croud,  
And then y'had prevented their laughing aloud.  
*Ab London, &c.*

*Upon*

*Upon a Superannuated Couple lately  
married.*

## I.

**A**N Aged Couple have combin'd,  
And stock of years together joyn'd,  
To vie with Time 'tis now design'd.

## II.

Old Emblem with thy Sythe and Sand,  
Thy canker'd power they do withstand,  
Nor Fate it self shall here command.

## III.

In vain will all their Projects be ;  
Great Time, they must acknowledge thee,  
When they endeavour *Rem in Re.*

## E

## IV.

## I V.

They represent (each tedious night,  
When they their feeble force unite)  
*Methusalem* th' Hermaphrodite.

## V.

Of the grave Posset made with Sack  
A holy Sacrament they make,  
Which they with like devotion take.

## V I.

The dancing Guests like Lightning flew,  
This venerable Brace mov'd too  
As Cripples in the Jovial Crew.

## V I I.

While Musick play'd this solemn Pair  
Kept time to every sprightly Air,  
With deep-mouth'd Cough and hoarse Catarth.

## V I I I.

## VIII.

And now their wishes are complete,  
 With chaste desires in Bed they meet;  
 The Wedding seems a Winding sheet.

## IX.

There let us leave them, there they're safe,  
 The next remove is to their Grave;  
*Epithalamium* proves their Epitaph.

---

*On the Protestants Flail.*

IN former days th' Invention was of Wracks;  
 To dislocate mens Joynts and break their  
 Backs:

But this Protestant Flail of a severer sort is,  
 For *Lignum vite* here proves *Lignum mortis*.

---

*The Narrative.*

I.

Come prick up your Ears, if they are not  
gone,

For this Deponent hath lost his own ;

His Neck goes next 'tis forty to one,

Which no body can deny.

II.

Now this Deponent doth depose,

That he was once one of the Kings Foes,

But now he thanks God he's none of those :

Sure our Deponent will lie.

III.

He swears that once there was *Harry* the  
Eighth,

Who

Who was divorc'd from's first Wife *Kate*,  
And that he cut off anothers Pate,  
Which no body can deny.

IV.

Even so (quoth he) I can witness bring,  
That the Q——did consent to the death of  
the K——  
But we are inform'd there was no such thing;  
For our Deponent will lie.

V.

He swears that before the Tower of *Babel*.  
*Kain* knock'd out the Brains of his Brother  
*Abel*;  
Here he swears to a Truth and not to a Fable;  
Which no body can deny.

VI.

Ey en so (quoth he) some bloody work

Was carried on by his Brother of T——

But His Highness is neither a *Jew* nor a *Turk*,

For our Deponent will lie.

VII.

He swears that once in *Noah's* time,

There was a great Floud that brought a great  
Stream,

And all were drown'd that cou'd not swim;

Which no body can deny.

VIII.

And now (God bless us) we're all in a fright,

For we had like t'have been ruin'd quite,

Our Throats should all have been cut in the  
night;

But our Deponent will lie.

IX.

Further he swears that *S. Peter* from Heav'n,

Had



Had such an absolute power given,  
That whom he pleas'd were condemn'd or for-  
given,

Which no body can deny.

X.

Even so (saith he) Commissions went out  
From the Pope to raise both Horse and Foot,  
That whom he pleas'd he might slash and cut ;  
But our Deponent will lie.

XI.

Some where or other *S. Paul* does aver,  
That an Oath puts an end to all bustle and stir,  
By which he confirms it is lawful to swear ;  
Which no body can deny.

XII.

There was foolish swearing in former days,

But our Deponent has alter'd the case,  
 For 'has made more mischief than ever there  
 was,

For our Deponent will lie.

---

*The fourteenth Ode of the second Book  
 of Horace.*

*Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,  
 Labuntur anni——*

SEE, *Posthumus*, how years do fly;  
 Nor can the smoothest Piety  
 Fill up one wrinkle in the Face,  
 Or stop Old Ages certain pace,  
 Or quell Mortality.

When dying if thou shouldst design  
 To offer up at *Pluto's* Shrine,

As many Bullocks fat and fair,  
As th'are days in every year,  
One hour would not be thine.

See the thrice bulky *Geryon* stand,  
Shackled in Ropes of *Stygian*:  
On t'other side the doleful Pool  
See the extended *Tityus* roul,  
Where all Mankind must land.

This irksom Shore must entertain  
The greatest Prince that e'er shall reign:  
As great a welcom shall be there  
Made to the meanest Cottager;  
Distinctions are in vain.

In vain we shun the chance of War,  
Where the most frequent dangers are.

In

In vain we do secure our selves  
From troubled Seas, or Sands, or Shelves,  
Or a cold Winter fear.

By all the Human Race at last  
Muddy *Cocytus* must be past;  
Where th' impious Daughters fill a Sieve,  
Where Sisyphus in vain does strive  
To stick the Rowler fast.

We bid Farwell to Land and House,  
To th' joys of an untainted Spouse;  
And to the silent Groves and Trees,  
Whose Height and Shade at once do please :  
But there sad Cypress grows.

Then shall rich Wines brought from *Campaign*,  
Which you with Locks and Bolts detain,

Be by your worthy Heir let loose,  
 To give a Tincture round the House,  
 Where he does entertain.

---

*The tenth Ode of the second Book of*  
 Horace.

*Rectius vives, Licine, neque altum  
 Semper urgendo——*

**T**Hat thou mayst steer thy course with greater ease,

Plunge not far amidst the deepest Seas :  
 Or fill'd with horror when the Ocean roars,  
 Press not hard upon unequal Shores.

Who ever does admire the Golden Mean,  
 Is not pent up in Cottages unclean ;  
 Inhabits not obscure and sordid Cells,  
 Nor courts the lofty Hall where Envy dwells.

The

The Pine Tree's vex'd by winds because  
'tis tall ;

The higher the Tower, the greater is its fall.  
By Heavens Artillery are Mountains shook,  
And mightiest Hills are soonest Thunder  
strook.

In adverse Times a well prepared Mind  
With reason hopes a better change to find ;  
In prosp'rous days wishes no further good,  
But modestly does fear Vicissitude.

Heaven doth disfigure Earth with Winters  
Rain,

And the same Heaven guilds the Earth again.  
If at one instant things succeed not well,  
There follows not an everlasting Ill.

From Bow and Dart *Apollo* doth retire,  
And sometimes takes in hand his charming Lyre,  
And by soft Notes excites the Female Quire. }

When in some dangerous Straits your Barque  
shall ride,

Let

Let never failing Courage be your Guide :  
But if your Fortune blow auspicious Gales,  
Let Wisdom then contract your strutting Sails:

---

Horace's *well wishes to a scurvy Poet*  
*gone to Sea*, Epode 10. in  
Mævium.

*Mala soluta navis exit alite,  
Ferens olentem Mævium, &c.*

**W**ith an unhappy Freight that Ship is  
stor'd,

That took the fulsom *Mævius* aboard.

*Auster* remember what you have to do,

'Tis in your power to split the Ship in two.

*Eurus* the Black, this your Command shall be,

To spoil the Tackle, and disturb the Sea.

*Aquilo* rise, and be your Fury shown,  
As much as when you Trees have overthrown.  
And in dark night no friendly Star appear,  
As when *Orion* leaves the Hemisphere.  
Nor more of Calm at Sea let him enjoy,  
Than conquering *Grecians* when they sail'd  
from *Troy*;

When *Pallas* to avenge the sin of Fire,  
By water made *Ajax's* Crew expire.  
What sport 'twould be t'observe the Sailers sweat  
And see thy Earthen Face look paler yet !  
To hear thy Howlings and unmanly Cries,  
In vain beseeching angry Deities !  
Or let the Southern Winds drive thee away  
Into the bellowing Gulph of *Adria*.  
But if thy Carcase should be cast on shore,  
That Cormorants the Carrion may devour :  
To th' Tempests then a Holyday we'll keep,  
By offering up a Ram or some black Sheep.



*A Call to the Guard by a Drum.*

**R** At too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, tat  
     rat too,  
 With your Noses all scabb'd and your Eyes  
     black and blew,  
 All ye hungry poor Sinners that Foot Souldiers  
     are,  
 Though with very small Coyn, yet with very  
     much Care,  
 From your Quarters and Garrets make haste to  
     repair,

*To the Guard, to the Guard.*

From your sorry Straw Beds and bonny white  
     Fleas,  
 From your Dreams of Small Drink and your  
     very small ease,  
 From your plenty of stink, and no plenty of  
     room,  
 From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm sticking  
     on 'em like Gum,  
 And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs to stanch a  
     cut Thumb,

*To the Guard, &c.*

From

From your crack'd Earthen Pispots where no  
     Pifs can stay,  
 From Roofs bewrit with Snuffs in Letters the  
     wrong way ;  
 From one old broken Stool with one unbroken  
     Leg,  
 One Box with ne'er a Lid to keep ne'er a Rag,  
 And Windows that of Storms more than your  
     selves can brag,  
                     *To the Guard, &c.*

With trusty Pike and Gun, and the other rusty  
     Tool ;  
 With Heads extremely hot, and with Hearts  
     wondrous cool ;  
 With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and  
     Sutlers) hurt ;  
 With two old totter'd Shooes that disgrace the  
     Town Dirt ;  
 With forty shreds of Breeches, and no one shred  
     of Shirt,  
                     *To the Guard, &c.*

See they come, see they come, see they come, see  
     they come,  
 With Allarms in their Pates to the call of a Drum ;  
 Some lodging with Bawds (whom the modest  
     call Bitches)  
 With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs shrunk  
     to Switches ;

With

With the Plague in the Purse, and the Pox in the  
Breeches,

*To the Guard, &c.*

Some from snoring and farting, and spewing on  
Benches,

Some from damn'd fulsom Ale, and more damn'd  
fulsom Wenches ;

Some from Put, and Size Ace, and Old Sim, this  
way stalk ;

Each mans Reeling's his gate, and his Hickup his  
talk,

With two new Cheeks of Red from ten old  
Rows of Chalk,

*To the Guard, &c.*

Here come others from scuffling, and damning  
mine Host,

With their Tongues at last tam'd, but with Faces  
that boast

Of some Scars by the Jordan, or Warlike Quart  
Pot,

For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,  
Which they charg'd to the mouth, but discharg'd  
ne'er a Groat,

*To the Guard, &c.*

They for Valour in black too, the Chaplain does  
come !

From his preaching o'er Pots now to pray o'er a  
Drum. F All

**All ye whoring and swearing old Red Coats  
draw near.**

Like to Saints in Red Letters listen and give ear,  
And be godly awhile ho, and then as you were,  
*To the Guard, &c.*

After some canting terms, To your Arms, and the like,

Such as Poyfing your Musquet, or Porting your Pike ;

To the right, To the left, or else Face about ;  
After ratling your Sticks, and your shaking a  
Clout,

Haſt your Infantry Troops that mount the Guard  
on foot,

*To the Guard, &c.*

Captain *Hector* first marches, but not he of *Troy*,  
But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy ;  
See the Man scant of Arms in a Scarf does  
abound,

Which prefaces some fwagging, but no bloud  
nor wound ;

Like a Rainbow that shews the World shan't be  
drown'd ;

*To the Guard, &c.*

As the Tinker wears Rags whilest the Dog bears  
the Budget,

So the Man stalks with Staff whilest the Footboy  
does trudge it With

With the Tool he should work with (that's Half  
 Pike you'll say;)   
 But what Captain's so strong his own Arms to  
 convey,   
 When he marches o'er loaden with ten other  
 mens Pay?

*To the Guard, &c.*

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at least  
 With Stinks sixteen deep, and about five abreast,  
 Made of Ale and Mundungus, Snuff, Rags, and  
 brown Crust for,   
 While he wants twenty Taylors to make up the  
 cluster,   
 Which declares that his Journey's not now to the  
 Muster,

*But to the Guard, &c.*

Some with Musquet and Belly uncharg'd march  
 away,   
 With Pipes black as their Mouths, and short as  
 their Pay;   
 Whilest their Coats made of holes shew like  
 Bone-lace about 'em,   
 And their Bandeliers hang like to Bobbins with-  
 out 'em,   
 And whilest Horsemen do cloath 'em, these Foot-  
 scrubs do clout 'em,

*For the Guard, &c.*

Some with Hat ty'd on one side, and Wit ty'd on  
 neither ;  
 Wear gray Coats and gray Cattle, see their Wen-  
 ches run hither,  
 For to peep through Red Lettice and dark Cel-  
 lar doors,  
 To behold 'em wear Pikes rusty just like their  
 Whores,  
 As slender as their Meals and as long as their  
 Scores,

*To the Guard, &c.*

Some with Tweedle, wheedle, wheede ; whilest  
 we beat Dub a Dub ;  
 Keep the base *Scotish* noise, and as base *Scotish*  
 scrub :  
 Then with Body contracted, a Rag open spread,  
 Comes a thing with red Colours, and Nose full  
 as red ;  
 Like an Ensign to the King, and to the Kings  
 Head,

*Towards the Guard, &c.*

Two Commanders come last, the Lieutenant per-  
 haps,  
 Full of Low Country Stories and Low Country  
 Claps.  
 To be next him the other takes care not to fail,  
 Powder Monkey by name that vents stink by  
 whole sale,

For

For where should the Fart be but just with the  
Tail

*Of the Guard ? &c.*

And now hey for the King Boys, and hey for the  
Court,  
Which is guarded by these as the Tower is by  
Dirt;  
These *Whitehall* must admit and such other un-  
house ye,  
Each day lets in the drunk, whilst it lets out the  
drowfie,  
And no place in the world shifts so oft to be lowfie.

*Thank the Guard, &c.*

Some to *Scotland-Yard* sneak, and the Sutlers wife  
kisses ;  
But despairing of Drink till some Countryman  
pisses,  
And pays too (for no place in the Court must be  
given)  
To the Can-office then, all a *Foot-Soldier's* Heav'n,  
Where he finds a foul *Fox*, soon, and cures Sir----

*On the Guard, &c.*

Some at Sh---house publick (where a Rag always  
goes)

At

At once empty their Guts and diminish their  
Clothes.

Though their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore  
and Bacon being all

Their chief Food) yet their Bums we true Cour-  
tiers may call,

For what they eat in the Suburbs, they sh—  
at *Whitehall*,

*For the Guard, &c.*

Such a like Pack of Cards to the *Park* making  
entry,

Here and there deal an Ace, which the *Jews* call  
a Centry,

Which in bad Houses of Boards stand to tell  
what a clock 'tis,

Where they keep up tame Redcoats as men keep  
up tame Foxes,

Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs Turds in  
Boxes.

*Oh the Guard, &c.*

Some of these are planted (though it has been  
their lucks

Oft to steal Country Geese) now to watch the  
Kings Ducks ;

While some others are set in the side that has  
Wood in,

To stand Pimps to black Masques that are oft  
thither footing,

Just



Just as Housewives set Cuckolds to stir their  
Black Pudding.

*Ob the Guard, &c.*

Whilest another true *Trojan* to some passage runs,  
As to keep in the Debtors, so to keep out the  
Duns ;

Or a Prentice, or his Mistress, with Oaths to  
confound,

Till he hyes him from the Park as from forbid-  
den ground,

'Cause his Credit is whole, and his Wench may  
be sound,

*And quits the Guard, &c.*

Now it's night, and the Patrole in Alehouse  
drown'd,

For nought else but the Pot and their Brains  
walk the round ;

Whilest like Hell the Commanders Guard-cham-  
ber does shew,

There's such damning themselves and all else of  
the Crew,

For though these cheat the Men, they give the  
Devil his due,

*On the Guard, &c.*

Whilest a Main after Main at old Hazard they  
throw,

And their Quarrels grow high as their Money  
grows low ;

Strait they threaten hard (using bad Faces for  
Frowns)

To revenge on the Flesh, the default of the  
Bones,

But the Blood's in their Hose, and in Oaths all  
their Wounds.

*Like the Guard, &c.*

In the Morning they fight, just as much as they  
pray ;

For some one to the King does the Tidings con-  
vey

For preventing of *Murder* ; Oh 'tis a wise  
way !

Though not one of 'em knows (as a thousand  
dare say)

That belongs to a dead man, unless in his  
pay

*For the Guard, &c.*

With their Skins they march home no more hurt  
than their Drums,

But for scratching of Faces, or biting of  
Thumbs ;

And now hey for fat *Alewives*, and *Tradesmen*  
grown lean ;

For the Captain grown *Bankrupt*, recruits him  
again,

With

With sending out Tickets, and turning out  
Men

*From the Guard, &c.*

Straight the poor Rogue's cashier'd with a Cane,  
and a Curse,

Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry  
Purse :

And what then? Man's a *Worm*; these we Glow-  
worms may name :

For as they'r dark of Body, have Tails all of  
flame.

So tho' those liv'd in Oaths, yet they die with  
a *Psalm*.

*Farewell Guard, &c.*

---

*Dr.*

---

*Dr. Wild's Humble Thanks for His  
Majesty's gracious Declaration for  
Liberty of Conscience, Mar. 15. 72.*

**N**O not one word can I of this great deed  
 In *Merlin* or old Mother *Shipton* read!  
 Old *Tyburn* take those *Tychobrahe* Imps,  
 As *Silger*, who would be accounted Pimps  
 To the Amorous Planets; they the Minute know  
 When *Jove* did Cuckold old *Amphytrio*,  
 Ken *Mars*, and made *Venus* wink, and glances  
 Their close Conjunctions and Midnight Dances;  
 When costive *Saturn* goes to stool, and vile  
 Thief *Mercury* doth pick his Fob the while;  
 When Lady *Luna* leaks, and makes her Man  
 Throw't out of Window into th' Ocean.  
 More subtil than th' Excisemen here below,  
 What's spent in every Sign in Heaven they know.  
Cunning

Cunning Intelligencers, they will not miss  
To tell us next year the success of this ;  
They correspond with *Dutch* and *English* Star,  
As one once did with *C H A R L E S* and *Oliver*.  
The *Bankers* also might have (had they gone)  
What Planet govern'd the Exchequer known.  
Old *Lilly*, though he did not love to make  
Any words on't, saw the *English* take  
Five of the *Smyrna* Fleet, and if the Sign  
Had been *Aquarius*, then they'd made them Nine.  
When *Sagittarius* took his aim to shoot  
At Bishop *Cosin*, he spied him no doubt ;  
And with such force the winged Arrow flew,  
Instead of one Church Stag he killed two ;  
*Glocester* and *Durham* when he espy'd,  
Let Lean and Fat go together he cry'd :  
Well *Wille Lilly*, thou knew'st all this as well  
As I, and yet wouldst not their Lordships tell.  
I know thy Plea to o, and must it allow,  
*Prelats* should know as much of Heaven as thou.

But

But now, Friend *William*, since it's done and past,  
Pray thee give us *Phanaticks* but one cast,  
What thou foresawst of *March* the Fifteenth last<sup>3</sup>  
When swift and sudden as the Angels fly,  
Th' Declaration for Conscience Liberty ;  
When things of Heaven burst from the Royal  
More fragrant than the Spices of the East. (Brest<sup>3</sup>  
I know in next years Almanack thou'lt write,  
Thou sawst the King and Council over night,  
Before that morn, all sit in Heaven as plain  
To be discern'd, as if 'twere *Charles's Wain*.  
Great *B*, great *L*, and two great *AA's* were chief,  
Under great *Charles* to give poor *Fan's* relief.  
Thou sawst Lord *Arlington* ordain the Man  
To be the first Lay-Metropolitan.  
Thou sawst him give Induction to a *Spittle*,  
And constitute our Brother *Tom Dolittle*.  
In the *Bears* Paw, and the *Bulls* right Eye,  
Some detriment to Priests thou didst espy ;

And

And though by *Sol in Libra* thou didst know  
Which way the Scale of Policy would go;  
Yet *Mercury in Aries* did decree,  
That *Wooll* and *Lamb* should still Conformists be.  
But bark you *Will*, Steer-poching is not fair;  
Had you amongst the Steers found this *March-hare*,  
Bred of that lusty Puss the Good Old Cause,  
Religion rescued from Informing Laws;  
You should have yelp'd aloud, Hanging's the end,  
By Huntsmens rule, of Hounds that will not spend.  
Be gone thou and thy canting Tribe, be gone;  
Go tell thy destiny to followers none:  
Kings Hearts and Councils are too deep for thee,  
And for thy Stars and *Dæmons* scrutiny.  
King *Charles* Return was much above thy skill  
To fumble out, as 'twas against thy will.  
From him who can the Hearts of Kings inspire,  
Not from the Planets, came that sacred Fire  
Of Sovereign Love, which broke into a flame;  
From God and from his King alone it came.

To

*To the King.*

So great, so universal, and so free !  
This was too much, great *Charles*, except for thee;  
For any King to give a Subject hope :  
To do thus like thee would undo the Pope.  
Yea tho his Vassals should their wealth combine,  
To buy Indulgence half so large as thine ;  
No, if they should not onely kiss his Toe,  
But *Clements podex*, he'd not let them go :  
Whilest thou to's shame, thy immortal glory,  
Hast freed *All Souls* from real Purgatory ;  
And given *All Saints* in Heaven new joys, to see  
Their Friends in *England* keep a Jubilee.  
Suspect them not, Great Sir, nor think the worst ;  
For sudden Joys like Grief confound at first.  
The splendor of your Favour was so bright,  
That yet it dazles and o'erwhelms our sight :  
Drunk with her cups my Muse did nothing mind,  
And untill now her Feet she could not find.

Gree-



Greediness makes prophaneſs i'th' firſt place;  
Hungry men fill their bellies, then ſay Grace.  
We wou'd have Bonfires, but that we do fear  
The name of *Incend'ary* we may hear :  
We wou'd have Muſick too, but 'twill not do,  
For all the Fiddlers are *Conformiſts* too :  
Nor can we ring, the angry Churchman ſwears  
By the Kings leave the Bells and Ropes are theirs;  
And let 'em take 'em, for our Tongues ſhall ſing  
Your Honour louder than their Clappers ring.  
Nay, if they will not at this Grace repine, (wine.  
We'll dreſs the Vineyard, they ſhall drink the  
Their Church ſhall be the Mother, ours the Nurſe;  
*Peter* ſhall preach, *Judas* ſhall bear the purſe.  
No *Biſhops*, *Parſons*, *Vicars*, *Curates*, we  
But onely *Ministers* deſire to be.  
We'll preach in Sackcloth, they ſhall read in Silk;  
We'll feed the Flock, and let them take the Milk.  
Let but the *Blackbirds* ſing in Buſhes cold,  
And may the *Jackdaws* ſtill the Steeples hold.

We'll

We'll be the *Feet*, the *Back*, and *Hands*, and they  
Shall be the *Belly*, and devour the prey.

The Tythe-pig shall be theirs, we'll turn the Spit;  
We'll bear the *Cross*, they onely *sign* with it.

But if the Patriarchs shall envy show

To see their younger Brother *Joseph* go

In Coat of divers colours, and shall fall

To rend it 'cause it's not Canonical ;

Then may they find him turn a Dreamer too,  
And live themselves to see his Dream come true.

May rather they and we together joyn

In all what each can ; but they have the Coyn ;

With *prayers and tears* such Service much avail ;

With *tears* to swell your *Seas*, with *prayers* your  
*Sails* ;

And with Men too from both our Parties ; such  
I'm sure we have can cheat or beat the *Dutch*.

A thousand *Quakers*, Sir, our side can spare ;

Nay two or three, for they great Breeders are.

The Church can match us too with Jovial Sirs,  
*Informers*, *Singingmen*, and *Paraters*.

Let the King try, set these upon the Decks

Together, they will *Dutch* or *Devil* vex.

Their Breath will mischief further than a Gun,

And if you lose them you'll not be undone.

Pardon, Dread Sir, nay pardon this course Paper,

Your License 'twas made this poor Poet caper.

ITER BOREALE.

*These*

*These for his Old Friend Doctor  
Wild, Author of the Humble  
Thanks, &c.*

S I R,

**H**AD I believ'd report, that said  
These Rhymes by Doctor *Wild* were made,  
I long before this time had sent  
Some symptoms of our discontent.  
For since y' have left off being witty,  
Your *humble thanks* deserves our pitty.

I can't imagine what you'l do,  
Your Muse turn'd *Non-conformist* too?  
And will not easily dispence  
With the old way of writing fence!  
She hath receiv'd, if that be true,  
As much *Indulgence* then as you.

G

Surely

Surely (*Dear Sir*) you did not pray  
Since you convers'd with *Tycho Brah.*

*Jove* play'd the wag, and *Luna* pift,  
Do these things with *Free-Grace* consist?

Celestial Signs serve to exprefs  
The good man's heav'nly mindedness;  
There are but Twelve of them in Heaven,  
Yet he'll name one by one eleven;  
And if you're not in too much hast,  
'Tis ten to one, he names the last.

You had been horribly put to't,  
If *Sagittarius* could not shoot:  
*Aquarius* and the *Smyrna* Fleet,  
I'll swear, a very good conceit.

But, Doctor, let us know, why will ye  
Thus vex your self at *William Lilly*?  
'Tis true, he could not find it out,  
That *March* would bring all this about;

But

But on that day you well might gather  
That there would be some change of weather :  
And change of weather in a Nation  
Portends a kind of alteration.

\* This favour, you do say, did come  
*Fragrant* and full of all perfume,  
*Like Eastern Spices* ( it should seem )  
This had done rarely in a Theme.  
To the next Column ----- let us see  
How you discourse His MAJESTY.  
Where every solemn Epithite  
Does look like Grace before you eat,  
Which being said, as rudely you  
Do take the Boldness to fall to,  
With Rhymes most reverently sent  
About *Pope Clement's* Fundament,  
And *Puns* that would provoke the hate  
Of any under Graduate.

*Peter Non-con* ( it seems ) must pray,  
 And *Judas Church* must take the Pay.  
 Some angry men would call him rude As,  
 That calls the Church of *England Judas*,  
 You'l be no *Bishop*, nor no *Curate*,  
 'Tis only Minister that you 're at.  
 Minister ! It sounds, methinks,  
 Like Pastor *Clark* of *Bennet Fynks*.

These Favours which the King doth heap  
 Upon your Head, hath made you leap.  
 And since y' have found your feet again,  
 The *Gout's* got up into your *Brain* :  
 If *cap'ring* be so fine a thing,  
 Pr'ythee come over for the King.

Your humble Servant,

O B E D I A H.

*Ill Painters when they make a Sign  
 Either of Talbot or of Swine,  
 To satisfie all Persons rogant,  
 That they might make a Hog or Dog on't;  
 Do never think it any shame  
 To underwrite the Creature's Name.  
 WILD made some Verses you must know,  
 ITER BOREALE is below.*

---

THE  
 RAMBLE.

**W**Hile Duns were knocking at my Door,  
 I lay in Bed with reeking Whore,  
 With Back so weak and P---- so fore,  
 You'd wonder,

I rouz'd my Doe, and lac'd her Gown,  
 I pin'd her Whisk, and drop't a Crown,  
 She pist, and then I drove her down,  
 Like Thunder.

From Chamber then I went to dinner,  
 I drank small Beer like mournful Sinner,  
 And still I thought the Devil in her  
*Clitoris,*

I sate at *Muskats* in the dark,  
 I heard a Trades-man and a Spark,  
 An Attorney and a Lawyer's Clark,  
 Tell Stories

From thence I went, with muffled Face,  
 To the Duke's House, and took a place,  
 In which I spu'd, may't please his Grace,  
 Or Highness ;  
 Shou'd



Shou'd I been hang'd I could not chuse  
But laugh at Whores that drop from Stews,  
Seeing that Mistris *Marg'ret* -----

So fine is,

When Play was done, I call'd a Link,  
I heard some paltry pieces chink  
Within my Pockets, how d' ee think  
I employ'd 'em?

Why, Sir, I went to Mistris *Spering*,  
Where some were cursing, others swearing,  
Never a Barrel better Herring,  
*per fidem,*

Seven's the main, 'tis Eight, God dam 'me,  
'Twas fix, said I, as God shall sa' me,  
Now being true you cou'd not blame me  
so saying,

Sa' me ! quoth one, what Shameroon  
Is this, has begg'd an Afternoon  
Of's Mother, to go up and down

A playing ?

This was as bad to me as killing,  
Mistake not Sir, said I, I'm willing,  
And able both, to drop a shilling,

Or two Sir ;

Goda'mercy then, said Bully Hec----  
With Whiskers stern, and Cordubeck  
Pinn'd up behind, his scabby Neck

To shew Sir.

With mangled fist he grasp'd the Box,  
Giving the Table bloody knocks,  
He throws ---- and calls for Plague and Pox .

T' assist him ;

Some

Some twenty shillings he did catch,  
Had like t'have made a quick dispatch,  
Nor could, Time's Register, my Watch  
Have mist him.

As Luck would have it, in came *Will*,  
Perceiving things went very ill,  
Quoth he, y' ad better go and swill  
Canary,

We steer'd our course to *Dragon Green*,  
Which is in *Fleetstreet* to be seen,  
Where we drank Wine---not foul---but clean  
contrary.

Our Host, y'cleped *Thomas Hammond*,  
Presented slice of Bacon Gammon,  
Which made us swallow Sack as Salmon  
Drink water,  
Which

Being o'er-warm'd with last debauch,  
I grew as drunk as any Roch,  
When hot-bak'd-Wardens did approach,  
Or later,

We broke the Glasses out of hand,  
As many Oaths I'd at command  
As *Hastings, Sabin, Sunderland,*  
Or Ogle,

Then I cry'd up *Sir Henry Vane,*  
And swore by God I would maintain  
Episcopacy was too plain  
A juggle.

But oh! the damn'd confounded Fate  
Attends on drinking Wine so late,  
I drew my Sword on honest *Kate*  
O'th' Kitchin,  
Which

Which H----'s Wife would not endure,  
 I told her tho' she look'd demure,  
 She came but lately I was sure  
 From Bitching!

A Club there was in t'other Room,  
 I bolted in, being known to some,  
 Such men are not in Christendom  
 For jesting,

They use a plain familiar stile,  
 Appearing friendly all the while,  
 Yet never part without a Broil  
 Intestin,

The first as Steward did appear,  
 A strange conceited Barrister,  
 Who on all Matters will infer  
 His Reading,

A Band 'had on, that's very plain,  
 A Velvet Coat, a shining Cane,  
 Some Law, less Wit, and not a grain  
 Of Breeding.

The Company were in a fit  
 Of talking News about *Maestricht*,  
 How that the Prince's leaving it  
 Was sudden,

Quoth he, ( because they should say  
 That he knew less of this than they )  
 Just such a case I read this day  
 In *Plowden*.

An angry Captain that was there,  
 Could Indignation not forbear,  
 "Zounds, sayes he, did Man e're hear  
 Such Non-sence ?

We

We talk of Sieges, Camps, and Forts,  
This Fool's a keeping Country Courts,  
With musty Law and dull Reports,  
Damn'd long since,

Go bolt your Cafes at the Fire,  
From *Plowden*, *Perkins*, *Rastal*, *Dyer*,  
Such heavy stuff does rather tire  
Than please us :

Tell not us of Issue Male,  
Of Simple Fee, and Special Tail,  
Of Feofments, Judgments, Bills of Sale,  
And Leases.

Can you discourse of Hand-Granadoes,  
Of Sally-Ports and Ambuscadoes,  
Of Counterscarps and Pallizadoes,  
And Trenches,

Of

Of Bastions, blowing up of Mines,  
Or of Communication Lines,  
Or can you guess the great Designs

The *French* has ?

The Barrister began to start  
To hear such bloody terms of Art,  
And did desire with all his heart

A Farewel;

Till younger Member of the House,  
Resenting this as an Abuse,  
Thought it convenient to espouse

His Quarrel.

This was a spruce young Squire that  
Knew the true Manage of the Hat,  
And every morning ty'd Cravat

With Project :

One



One that was sure he knew the Town,  
To men of Fringe and Feather known,  
Mongst whom all Law he wou'd disown,  
And Logick.

Captain, quoth he, I'll tell you thus :  
You are mistaken much in us,  
With dint of Sword we can discuss ;  
'Tis true Sir,

You trail'd a Pike, or some such thing,  
In *Holland*, here you huff and ding :  
And all the Town ( forsooth ) must ring  
Of you, Sir.

I can remember you at *Lambs*,  
Whither you'd come with forty shams ;  
And swore you wou'd renounce all Games  
But Tennis:

Last

Last night ( such luck ne'r man had yet )  
 You play'd with Countess at Picquet,  
 And that she did ( by Jesus ) get  
 Twelve Guinnies ;

Nay worse --- just parting with my Lord,  
 He fancy'd much your Silver Sword,  
 And you wear his not worth a Turd ----  
 --- A Bawble ;

But for the Hilt he's like to pay,  
 For you will have his Iron Grey :  
 A swifter Nag is not this day

In stable.

And all the great design of this  
 Is but to borrow half a Piece,  
 Or be excus'd ( if Ready miss )

From Clubbing :

The

# P O E M S.

97

The Captain swell'd, yet did not know  
Whether the Youth would fight or no,  
Or if 'twere safe to give the Foe

A drubbing.

Company's here, and for their sake,  
Quoth he, some other time I'll take,  
For I did never love to make

A Bustle,

Even when you please, quoth Younker, then  
I'm every Evening to be seen  
'Mongst witty Coffee-drinkers in

*Street Ruffel.*

One that was Doctor, Rook, and Quack,  
With whom the Captain us'd to snack,  
Because he'd make the first attack

On Bubble.

FF

Did

Did think it fit to do him right,  
 Altho' he knew he would not fight,  
 Yet Cully he would fore affright

And trouble.

Therefore the Captain's part he took;  
 Home Lad, quoth he, unto your Book,  
 If Letters fail, Go Bully-rock

The Carrier,

For here you must not vent your stuff,  
 We understand you well enough:  
 You must not think to rant and huff

A Warrior.

I knew when *Animal* and *Ens*  
 Was once the chief of your pretence,  
 But now you think y'ave sprucer Sense

And Knowledge.

When

# POEMS.

0099

When first this Town y' arriv'd unto,  
The only Bu'sness y' ad to do  
Was to enquire out those that knew  
Your Colledge.

Certainly Mortal never saw  
A thing so pert, so dull, so raw,  
And yet 'twou'd put a Case in Law,  
If they wou'd,

Then it began to visit Playes,  
And on the Women it wou'd gaze,  
And looked like Love in a Maze,  
Or a Wood.

Into Fop-corner you wou'd get,  
And use a strange obstreperous Wit,  
Not any quiet to the Pit

Allowing :

H 2

And

And when my Lord came in, you'd spy,  
If toward you he cast an Eye,  
Y' had lucky opportunity  
Of bowing,

At last you got a swinging Clap,  
Which ran upon you like a Tap,  
And lay for Cure of this mishap  
At Tooting,

Then you writ Letters of Advice  
To Parent, for some fresh supplies,  
Pretending to the exercise  
Of Mooting :

At length you understood a Dye,  
Carry'ing in Fob variety  
Of Goads, of Bars, of Flats, of High  
And Low-Dyce.

But

But when you hear the fatal doom,  
That Father shall remand you home,  
It hardly will appear you come

From Studies.

The Youth was just a throwing Glafs  
Of Wine into the Doctor's Face,  
When Barrister took Heart of Grace,

And courage:

Doctor, fays he, you are a Cheat,  
A greater Knave walks not the Street,  
A verrier Quack one shall not meet

In our Age.

Doctors of Phyfick we indeed  
Do moft abominably need :  
If you are one, that fcarce can read

A Ballat,

You serv'd a Doctor, -- true, from whom  
You stole Receipts, being his Groom,  
Or waiting on him in his Room,

As Valet,

On Serving-men you us'd to cut,  
Giving 'em the high Game at Put,  
And made the Fellows still run out

. Their wages,

With Chamberlain you quit old scores,  
Ruin the Tapster at all Fours,  
And still observe the Carriers hours,

And Stages.

T' Apothecary next you go,  
To whom your stolen Receipts you show,  
That y'ave no Learning he does know,

And small Parts:

Yet



Yet for Advantage does proclaim  
You as the eldest Son of Fame,  
And swears your Cures have got a Name  
In all Parts.

Then take your Lodgings at his House,  
With care and secrecy to chouse  
Those Fools incurable, that thus  
Are minded,

If y<sup>e</sup> are desir'd to write a Bill,  
Your Eyes have a defluxion still,  
That if you do but touch a Quill,  
You're blinded.

'Mongst gilded Books on shelves you squeeze  
Old *Gallen* and *Hippocrates*,  
For such learn'd men (say you) as these  
I'll stickle.

Tho' what they were you cannot tell,  
 Giants they might have been as well,  
 Or two Arch-Angels, *Gabriel*,

And *Mich'el*.

In short, you are an empty Sawfe ---  
 Before this word quite out he draws,  
 The Doctor struck him cross the Jaws,  
 God bless us !

The Student then propos'd a flap,  
 Which on Quack's best of Eyes did hap,  
 With might and main-- on Youth fell Cap---  
 ---tain *Bessus*.

Ith' Room was Justice *Middlesex*,  
 Who understanding Statute *Lex*,  
 Being unwilling to perplex

A Riot,

Softly

Softly as he could speak, did cry,  
 ( Which no Body observ'd but I )  
 My Friends, in Name of Majesty,  
 Be quiet.

The Youngster first desir'd a Truce,  
 Because Cravat from Neck hung loose,  
 Captain, quoth he, your Weapon choose,  
 I'll fight 'ee:

Nay then, thought I, if so it be,  
 You're very likely to agree,  
 There's no Diversion more for me,  
 Good night 'ee.

And having now discharg'd the House,  
 We did reserve a gentle Souse,  
 With which we drank another rouse  
 At the Bar:

And

And good Christians all attend,  
To Drunkenness pray put an end,  
I do advise you as a Friend,

And Neighbour.

For lo ! that Mortal here behold,  
Who cautious was in dayes of old,  
Is now become rash, sturdy, bold,

And free Sir ;

For having scap'd the Tavern so,  
There never was a greater Foe,  
Encounter'd yet by Pompey, No

Nor Caesar,

A Constable both stern and dread,  
Who is from Mustard, Brooms and Thread,  
Preferr'd to be the Brainless Head ---

O' th' People,

A Gown 'had on by Age made gray,  
 A Hat too, which as Folk do say,  
 Is firnam'd to this very day

A Steeple ;

His Staff, which knew as well as he,  
 The Bus'ness of Authority,  
 Stood bolt upright at sight of me ;

Very true 'tis,

Those louzy Currs that hither come  
 To keep the King's Peace safe at home,  
 Yet cannot keep the Vermin from

Their *Cutis*.

Stand ! stand ! sayes one, and come before ---  
 You lye, said I, like a Son of a Whore,  
 I can't, nor will not stand, --- that's more ---

D'ye mutter ?

You

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell what,  
Yond' Officer i'th May-pole Hat,  
I'll make as drunk as any Rat,

Or Otter.

The Constable began to swell,  
Altho' he lik'd the motion well:  
Quoth he, my Friend, this I must tell

Ye clearly,

The Pestilence you can't forget,  
Nor the Dispute with *Dutch*, nor yet  
The dreadful Fire, that made us get

Up early.

From which, quoth he, this I infer,  
To have a Body's Conscience clear,  
Excelleth any costly cheer,

Or Banquets ;

Besides,

Besides, ( and 'faith I think he wept )  
Were it not better you had kept  
Within your Chamber, and have slept  
In Blanquets :

But I'll advise you by and by,  
A Pox of all advise, said I,  
Your Janizaries look as dry

*As Vulcan :*

Come, here's a shilling, fetch it in,  
We come not now to talk of Sin,  
Our Bus'ness must be to begin  
A full Can.

At last, I made the Watch-men drunk,  
Examin'd here and there a Punk,  
And then away to Bed I slunk

To hide it,

God

God save the Queen, ---- but as for you,  
 Who will these Dangers not eschew,  
 I'd have you all go home and spue

As I did.

---

### *The Lawyers Demurrer argued.*

*By the Loyal ADDRESSERS (the Gentlemen)  
 of Grays-Inne, against an ORDER made by  
 the Bench of the said Society.*

To the Tune of *Packington's Pound*, Or,  
*The Round-head Reviv'd.*

#### I.

**D**EAR Friends, and good People, with Gowns,  
 and with none ;

I'll tell you a Tale of a parcel of *Whiggs*,  
 The Spawn of some *Rebells* in year Forty One,  
 Who, like their damn'd Sires, pursue their Intrigues:

It



# P O E M S.

III

It occasions amazing,  
That some Members of *Grays Inn*, (Raising:  
Turn Tail to their King, from whom they'd their  
*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,*  
*Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

## II.

By a musty old Custom, call'd Order of Pension.  
Giving Thanks to the King was judg'd an Affray,  
And straight they Decreed, 'twas just to Dis-  
bench One, (S)

For shewing himself more Loyal than they :

So thus the *Dom. Com.*

Speak loudly for some, (Mum.

But propose the King's Int'rest the word shall be

*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever;*

*Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

## III.

## III.

Men of the Sword they say make a Division, (S)  
 And militant Lawyers their Wisdoms disown,  
 So that from the King to have had a Commission,  
 Does not consist with a tatter'd old Gown :

These men make pretence,  
 Both to Law and to Sense, (Prince,  
 Yet say the Law's broke, if you fight for your  
*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,*  
*Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

## IV.

(out,  
 From th' Ancients (they urge) this Order comes  
 And therefore expect a ready Obedience,  
 But how can that be, since their Masterships doat,  
 And they themselves have forgotten Allegiance:

Therefore let's pray,  
 Both by Night and by Day,  
 That they may Conform, and then we'll Obey.  
 You

*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,  
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

## V.

But wou'd it not move a Heart made of Flint,  
To think that a House must continue no longer,  
Since the grave Gubernators refus'd to consent,  
Except 'twere propos'd by a Bar-Iron-monger; (C)  
Or else by a Brewer, (O)  
Who serves them with Beer,  
So small, that they'r fill'd with Suspicion and Fear.

*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever;  
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

## VI.

Now some of the younger disconsolate fry, (G)  
As if they'd been still at -- *Quæso Magister,*  
Under such strange Apprehensions did lye,  
They desir'd to consult the Chappel-Minister,

One of the young men,  
 Wou'd not handle a Pen,  
 For my Lord and my Father won't take me agen.  
*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,*  
*Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

## VII.

The number of those who refus'd to subscribe,  
 Are fitly compar'd to the days of poor *Job*,  
 Few and Evil --- and of a Satanical Tribe,  
 Who scandalize all the rest of the Robe;  
 Those of the Bar-mess,  
 Who cry'd --- No Address,  
 Found their Party of Faction were two to one less:  
*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,*  
*Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

## VIII.

## VIII.

Now you have heard of these *Lawyers Demurrer*,  
And how their weak Arguments are over-rul'd,  
Without all Dispute will think an *Abhorrer*,  
Of them and Petitions, are loyally bold.

For such Impudence,  
Both at Bar and at Bench,

Proceeds from those Men who their King would  
Retrench;

*You Mortals of Law be confounded for ever,  
Who refuse an Address made to your Law-giver.*

---

*The SWORD's Farewell, upon  
the approach of a Michaelmas-  
Term.*

**H**Ealth to my Friends, a terror to my Foes,  
Revenging Wrongs, impatient of blows,  
Couragious Metal, truest of all Steels,  
Sure to thy Master, always at his heels ;  
Ready to jog him<sup>102</sup> by the Elbow, when  
He is confronted by the Sons of Men.  
Soul of my Weapon, thou shalt take thy Rest;  
And acquiesce within thy Sable Nest,  
One Month must fix thee in a certain Station,  
Thy Master's *Term* must prove thine own *Vacation* :  
Till that's expir'd (his Honour be thy Pawn )  
Though here thou'rt hang'd yet thou shalt not be  
(drawn,  
Thou shalt not now too late at Night appear,  
T'incense the King's Almighty Officer,  
Nor vex his Watch, left by his great Command,  
They knock thy Master down, and bid him stand :  
Nor

Nor fly at Mortal wight, though ne're so tall,  
 Who passing by Surrenders not the Wall,  
 Nor push at Bayliffs stout denouncing War :  
 We know no Sergeants now but at the Bar.  
 They're fix'd (but with such moveable devotion,)   
 Come when you will, you'l find them in a Motion.  
 Not willing any Man should be oppress'd,  
 'Tis only *Judgment* that they would Arrest.

Thou shalt not now be bare, when *Hector* cloaths,  
 And backs the Lye with rag: ' swelling Oaths,  
 Now such great words admit a Period,  
 He must speak only truth, *so help him God*;  
 The Stile is chang'd, (the Season so will have it)  
 If he will swear, 't must be by *Affidavit*.

Thou must not now come forth in view, as once,  
 To fright a Rev'rend Bawd, and build a Sconce,  
 Nor make a Drawer stand all Night to Skink  
 Full cups, and watch to fill thy Master Drink,  
 To rubifie his Cheeks, though when he will,  
 He can take out a *Fieri Facias* still.

Or Presidents (if common Writs do fail,)   
 Direct to me a special Writ of *Aile*.

(Whilom at such a Sign conven'd the Wits ;  
But now no Sign is known except for Writs )

Thou must forbear a while at *Inn* and *Inn*,  
T'out-brave whom thou suspectest like to win:  
No jogging chance must now blind mortal Eyes,  
We'll find fresh Bail of *Men* and not of *Dice*.

Pray for an Action now, and not an *Ace*,  
Let every *Dence* Produce a Debtor's case :

And in the stead of every *Trey* that's thrown,  
So many *Tryals* may we call our own.

To cast a *Quatre* now we must forget,  
And call to mind a *Quare Impedit*.

Each *Cinque* a *Capias*, and for every *Size*  
Wish that a *Scire Facias* may arise.

Now we must think *Hazard* brings little gain,  
Throw a *Mandamus* rather than a *Main* ;

On certainties 'tis safest to rely,

More's gain'd by *Bill*, than gotten by the *By*.

To *Play-Houses* thou now shalt bid adieu,

Although the Farce be gay enough and new,

Ne're before Acted, brings thee not among

Those that sell Two and Six-pence for a Song.

No



No Idle Scenes fit busie times as these,  
Instead of *Playes* we now converse with *Pleas*;  
And 't's thought the last do favour more of Wit,  
For those have Plots to spend, but these to get.

(Give way, Great *Shakespear*, and immortal *Ben*,  
To *Doe* and *Roe*, *John Den* and *Richard Fen*.)  
Farewel (dear *Sword*) thou'rt prov'd, and laid aside;  
Thy youngest Brother, *Penknife*, must be try'd;  
That thou art best, needs but a thin dispute,  
Thou woundest skin of *Man*, he skin of *Brute*,  
'Tis pity such an Urchin long should Reign  
To raze a Line, when thou can'st prick a Vein.  
'Tis thou can'st make such horrid bloody work  
Will fright the Pope, and scare the biggest *Turk*;  
Thy very name will make a Cripple run  
Swift as a Courtier from a City Dunn.

Now *Tom* (in Acres rich, is come to Town)  
To change the Title of a Yeoman's Son,  
Thou bid'st him kneel, and stroak'st his empty Skul,  
And mak'st him rise *Sir Thomas* Worshipful :  
Thus thou mak'st special Knights of common men,  
When he hath made his best 'tis but a Pen;

Yet

Yet such a Pen, that when't has learn't it's Trade,  
It may undo the Knight which thou hast made.

That thou art monstrous valiant is too certain,  
For instance this, in fine (as saith Sir *Martin*)  
Th' hast kill'd--- But soft, some wiser are than some,  
I should *Marr-all* if I discover whom.

In point of Honour this, (deny't who can)

Thou never turn'dst thy *Back* to any Man:

The short and long on't's thus, I'll safely say,

(run away ;

Though thou should'st *break*, thou would'st not

Yet 'twould not wound thy credit long, for when

The *Term* is done, I'll set thee up agen.

*Cedant ARma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ.*

*Wrote*

*Wrote in the Banqueting-House in  
Graves-Inn-Walks.*

**H**ERE Damsel sits disconsolate,  
Curling the Rigor of her Fate,  
Till Squire Insipid having spy'd her,  
Takes Heart of Grace, and squats beside her.

He thus accosts, ---- Madam, By Gad  
You are at once both fair and sad.  
She innocently does submit  
To all the Tyrants of his Wit.  
The Bargain's made, she first is led  
To the three Tuns, and so to Bed.

But yonder comes a graver Fop,  
With heavy Shoe, and Boot-hose-top;  
To him repairs a virtuous Sir,  
Whose Question is, What News does stir?  
With Face askew, he then declares  
The probability of Wars:

And

And gives an ample satisfaction  
 Of *English, French, and Dutch* Transaction.  
 Thus chattering out three houres Tale,  
 They tread to th' Mag-pye, to drink Ale.

---

*Death and the old man.*

*A Paraphrase upon one of Æsop's Fables.*

A Poor old man, who had by cleaving wood,  
 Full threescore years procur'd a livelihood;  
 He never ran the various risques of Fate,  
 Each day his shoulders bore an equal weight,  
 Till now at last of Age he did complain,  
 And thought each Load did weigh as much again.

One Evening coming home he made a stop,  
 And wanting strength, he let his Burden drop;  
 Then sate upon it, with a proud neglect,  
 And ner'e till now did on himself reflect.

What Being's this call'd Man, and what am I?  
 One of the Drudges of Mortality.

I've

I've cut down Wood enough, now Death attend,  
And to my Life and Labour put an end:  
With that the Grisly Skelleton appear'd,  
And the old man was from his Senses scar'd :  
Quoth Death, Old fellow, if you'd speak with me,  
I'll give a period to your misery :  
Oh No, sweet Sir, quoth the amazed Grandfire,  
I wish it not, as I'm a living man Sir ;  
I only did desire, because I'm weak,  
And cannot lift this Burthen to my Neck,  
That you'll be pleas'd, to lend a helping hand,  
And I am yours, *hereafter*, to command.

Moral.

*Silly old Wretch, who living art oppress,  
Yet dar'st not venture on Eternal rest.*

*Upon*

*Upon the Death of Edward Story, Esq; Master  
of the Pond, and Principal of Bernards-Inn.*

(drown'd,

**L**ET all that read these Lines in Tears be  
 Since *Story's* dead, the Master of the *Pond*;  
 What idle Tales fantastick Poets feign  
 About God *Neptune*, and his stormy Main,  
 That his Dominion's great, 'tis no such matter,  
 What great Command can there be over Water?  
 To *Story's* power 'twere Non-sence to compare it,  
 For he was Master of a *Pond* of *Claret* :  
 And he this Scarlet *Sea*, like *Moses*, --- did  
 To all his Club of *Israelites* divide :  
 And when too late at night some came in doz'd,  
 The *Pond* o'er them, as o'er th' *Egyptians* clos'd.

This *Pond* was *Helicon*, where *Story* sat  
 Like mighty *Phæbus*, in his Chair of State :  
 His Tongue made Musick like *Apollo's* Lyre,  
 Which when he us'd, he silenc'd, all the Quire ;  
 He had his Muses too, but more than Nine,  
 Besides, they're of the Gender Masculine :

Of different Subjects every Muse did sing, (bring.  
Which they from *Johns*, or *Grays-Inn* Walks did  
Some Foreign Matters sang, another Muse,  
In humble Stile; sang of Domestick News;  
Some sang of bloody Plots against the Throne  
And Government; another sang of none;  
Till by some sign his pleasure was exprest,  
Then all were quiet while he told a Jest.

And as this witty Club he kept in awe,  
He headed too, a Body of the Law;  
Yet for all that, as skilful as he was,  
*Death* brought his *Action* without shewing *Cause*.  
And ran him to the *Utlary* with such speed,  
He had not time enough to supersede.  
With all Mankind *Death* must his *Interest* clear,  
But to call in the *Principle's* severe.

Upon

*Upon the Memory of Mr. John Sprat, late  
Steward of Grayes-Inn,*

CAN any man in reason think it fit  
That Death should eat a *Steward* at a Bit?  
And in *one long Vacation* should devour,  
What, in all Conscience, might have serv'd for four?  
Had it been *Term-time* he'd have taken course  
To have repell'd both him and all his Force.  
Villainous Death! he would have plac'd a Chop  
With every Dart that thou hast in thy Shop:  
Thou durst not then attempt him (meager Glutton)  
When he and's men were arm'd with *Beef & Mutton*;  
Thou wert afraid to nibble at *John Sprat*  
While *Barrel-Cod* and *Whitings* were in date,  
His Voice disbanded thee, and all thy Troop,  
When gracefully he gave the word, *Serve up*.  
'Twas cowardly to take him, when *Raw Fruits*,  
When *Turneps*, *Cucumbers*, and *Cabbedge Roots*  
Had chill'd his Blood: he had des'd being sick,  
Had he surviv'd the time they call *Tres Mich'*.

But



But why had not thy hungry Maw been eas'd,  
If *Tosborough* or *Taylor* thou hadst seiz'd ;  
Those *single parts* of *Middle-piece* and *Rump*,  
Insatiate thou ! to fall upon the *Chump*.  
Since *busse Sprat* ( our *Lives Trustee* ) is dead,  
The *Bottled Joyes* of *Norfolk* too are fled :  
The *Thetford-Ale*, which won the hearts of *Youth*,  
And made them chant his praise with open mouth ;  
Whom afterwards he'd greet in friendly sort,  
*Your Chamber, Sir, I think's in Coney Court*.  
*When will't be opportune ---- to bring my Bill &*  
*D'slife, ne'r talk of that man ; when you will*.  
Then he (good man ) who alwayes knew his time,  
To Chamber-door would in the Morning climb.

Now trusty *Sprat* is gone, there will not come  
So Generous a Steward in his Room :  
He would in *younger Brothers* still confide :  
Whose Parents do in Foreign Lands reside :  
He entertain'd them well ; yet did not know  
Whether their Friends were living there or no.  
They scor'd to come as *Commoners* to eat,  
But took it as the *Noble Steward's Treat*.

Ab,

Ah cruel Hag! (though Muse be out of breath,  
 Yet see! she'll have one parting blow at Death)  
 Were there not equal Standers of the Hall;  
 That thou didst call *Sprat* in a *private Call*?  
 And, which is worse, by Tyrannous permission,  
 He did go out before he did *petition*.  
 Some Presidents 'tis likely we shall find  
 Upon the Roll of *Commons* left behind;  
 Which his *surviving* Friends (without a *Bribe*,  
 It is believ'd) are willing to transcribe:  
 Therefore 'tis hop'd (lest *Youth* should be perplex'd)  
 That his *Executors* may Go out next.

*His Epitaph.*

BENEATH this Stone, Reader, there lieth flat  
 Upon his Back the trusty *Seward Sprat*:  
 Disturb him not, for if he chance to stir,  
 He'll say, *When shall I wait upon you, Sir?*

F I N I S.

